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CHIEF OF THE MANDANS.

(From Catlin's North American Indian Gallery.)



CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY.—II.

MANDAN CHIEF.

WE return to Mr. Catlin's valuable and very interesting *Letters and Notes*, with a whole-length portrait from a strange people, among whom our artist and author found himself, "surrounded by subjects and scenes worthy the pens of Irving or Cooper; or the pencils of Raphael or Hogarth; rich in legends and romances, which would require no aid of the imagination for a book or a picture."

The Mandans, (or See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee, "people of the pheasants," as they call themselves,) are perhaps one of the most ancient tribes of the Indians. They contend that they were the first people created on earth: their existence in these regions has, undoubtedly, been from a very remote period, and they were formerly a very numerous and powerful nation; but continued wars with neighbouring tribes have astonishingly thinned their ranks. The Mandans are at present located on the west bank of the Missouri, about 1800 miles above St. Louis, and 200 below the mouth of Yellow Stone River. They have two locations only, and their number is stated but at 2000. "Their present villages," says Mr. Catlin, "are beautifully located, and judiciously also, for defence against the assaults of their enemies. The site of the lower, (or principal) town in particular, is one of the most beautiful and pleasing that can be seen in the world, and even more beautiful than imagination could ever create. In the very midst of an extensive valley, (embraced within a thousand graceful swells and parapets or mounds of interminable green, changing to blue as they vanish in distance,) is built the city or principal town of the Mandans. On an extensive plain, (which is covered with green turf, as well as the hills and dales, as far as the eye can possibly range, without tree or bush to be seen,) are to be perceived rising from the ground, and towards the heavens, domes, not 'of gold,' but of dirt—and the thousand spires, not "spires," and scalp-poles, of the semi-subterranean village of the hospitable and gentlemanly Mandans.* "Their head chief is Ha-na-tah-nu-mauh, (the wolf-chief;) a haughty, austere, and overbearing man, respected and feared by his people, rather than loved. The tenure by which this man holds office is by inheritance as the eldest son of a chief. Still, this is not an infallible rule among the tribes of North American Indians; for unless the aspirant be worthy of the office, it is elective. The dress of the above chief was one of great extravagance, and some beauty; manufactured of skins, and a profusion of raven-quills; the latter forming a stylish head-dress.

* Traders and others, who have been amongst them, denominate them "the polite and friendly Mandans;" and from the diversity of their complexions, the various colours of their hair and eyes, singularity of language and customs, Mr. Catlin is convinced that they have sprung from some other origin than that of the other North American tribes, or that they are an amalgam of natives with some civilized race; whilst a stranger, on seeing them, is almost at once disposed to exclaim: "these are not Indians." "Their traditions," says Mr. Catlin, "so far as I have yet learned them, afford no information of their having had any knowledge of white men before the visit of Lewis and Clarke, made to their village thirty-three years ago. Since that time, there have been but very few visits from white men to this place, and surely not enough to have changed the complexions and customs of a nation. And I recollect perfectly well that Governor Clarke told me, before I started for this place, that I should find the Mandans a strange people, and half white." The *Letters* and accompanying *Plates* on this tribe are very attractive.

The next and second chief of the tribe, represented in the Engraving, is Mah-to-to-pah, (the four bears.) This extraordinary personage, though second in office, is, undoubtedly, the first and most popular man in the nation; on which account we have selected him for our illustration. "Free, generous, elegant and gentlemanly in his deportment—handsome, brave, and valiant; wearing a robe with the history of his battles emblazoned on it; which would fill a volume of themselves, if properly translated—this, readers, is the most extraordinary man, perhaps, who lives at this day, in the atmosphere of Nature's noblemen."

Mah-to-toh-pa appears to have hospitably invited Mr. Catlin to his wigwam, and to have presented him with a beautiful garnished robe. After Mr. Catlin had painted this chief's portrait, he purchased the dress he wore, and every article of it can be seen in the Gallery in Piccadilly, hanging by the side of the picture. The vain chief was a long time "before he could leave his toilette" satisfied with his looks and equipments; and then it was announced "Mah-to-toh-pa is coming in full dress!"

"I looked out of the door of the wigwam, (says Mr. Catlin,) and saw him approaching with a firm and elastic step, accompanied by a great crowd of women and children, who were gazing on him with admiration, and escorting him to my room. No tragedian ever trod the stage, nor gladiator ever entered the Roman Forum, with more grace and manly dignity, than did Mah-to-toh-pa enter the wigwam, where I was in readiness to receive him. He took his attitude before me, and with the sternness of a Brutus, and the stillness of a statue, he stood until the darkness of night broke upon the solitary stillness. His dress, which was a very splendid one, was complete in all its parts; and consisted of a shirt or tunic, leggings, moccasins, head-dress, necklace, shield, bow and quiver, lance, tobacco-sack, and pipe; robe, belt, and knife; medicine-bag, tomahawk, and war-club, or *po-ho-mo-hon*.

"The *Shirt* was made of two skins of the mountain sheep, beautifully dressed, and sewed together by seams, which rested upon the arms, one skin hanging in front, upon the breast, and the other falling down upon the back; the head being passed between them, and they falling over and resting on the shoulders. Across each shoulder, and somewhat in the form of an epaulette, was a beautiful band; and down each arm was a similar one, beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills worked on the dress, and covering the seams. To the lower edge of these bands were attached long locks of black hair, which he had taken with his own hand from the heads of his enemies, whom he had slain in battle. The front and back of the shirt were curiously garnished with porcupine-quills, and paintings of battles and victims. The bottom of the dress was bound or hemmed with ermine-skins, and tassels of ermines' tails were suspended from the legs and shoulders.

"The *Leggings*, of beautifully-dressed deer-skins, fitted tight to the leg, extended from the feet to the hips, and were fastened to a belt which was passed around the waist. These, like the shirt, were worked with a band of porcupine-quills of the richest dyes, passing down the seam on the outer part of the leg, and fringed also with scalp-locks. The *Moccasins* were of buck-skin, profusely embroidered with porcupine-quills.

"The *Head-dress*, which was superb, and truly magnificent, consisted of a crest of war-eagles' quills, gracefully falling from the forehead over the back part of the head, and extending quite down to the feet; set the whole way in a profusion of ermine, and surmounted on the top of the head with the horns of the buffalo, shaved thin and highly polished.

"The *Necklace* was made of fifty claws or nails of the grisly bear, ingeniously ranged over the skin of an otter, and worn, like the scalp-locks, as a trophy—as an evidence unquestionable, that he had contended with and overcome that desperate enemy in open combat.

"His *Shield* was made of the hide of the buffalo's neck,

and hardened with the glue that was taken from its hoofs; its boss was the skin of the pole-cat, and its edges were fringed with rows of eagles' quills and hoofs of the antelope.

"The *Bow* was of bone, and as white and beautiful as ivory; over its back was laid, and firmly attached to it, a coating of deers' sinews, which gave it elasticity. Its string was three-stranded and twisted of sinews, which many a time had twanged, and sent the whizzing death to animal and to human victims.

"The *Quiver* was made of a panther's skin, hung upon his back, charged with arrows, some poisoned; they were feathered with hawk and eagle quills; some were clean, innocent, and pure, and others were stained with animal and human blood, dried upon them. Their blades or points were of flints and some of steel; and altogether this was a deadly magazine.

"The *Lance*, or spear, was in his left hand: its blade was two-edged and of polished steel, and the blood of several human victims was dried upon it; its shaft was of the toughest ash, and ornamented with tufts of war-eagles' quills.

"His *Tobacco-sack* was made of the skin of an otter, and tastefully garnished with quills of the porcupine; in it was carried his *K'nick-k'neck*, (the bark of the red willow, which is smoked as a substitute for tobacco); it contained also his flint and steel, and touch-wood for lighting.

"His *Pipe*, which was ingeniously carved out of the red steatite, (or soap-stone,) had a stem of ash, three feet long; about half its length was wound with delicate braids of porcupine quills, so ingeniously wrought as to represent figures of men and animals. It was also ornamented with the skins and beaks of wood-peckers, and the hair of the white buffalo's tail. The lower half of the stem was painted red, and its edges bore the notches he had recorded for the snows (or years) of his life.

"His *Robe* was made of the skin of a young buffalo bull, with the fur on one side, and the other finely dressed; with all the battles of his life emblazoned on it by his own hand. His *Belt* was of stout buckskin, and was firmly girded around his waist; and in it were worn his tomahawk and scalping knife.

"His *Medicine bag* was of the skin of a beaver, curiously ornamented with hawks' bills and ermine. It was held in his right hand; and his war-club, made of a round stone, tied up in a piece of raw hide, and attached to the end of a stick, somewhat in the form of a sling, was laid, with other weapons, at his feet.

"Such was the dress of Mah-to-toh-pa when he entered my wigwam to stand for his picture: but such I have not entirely represented it in his portrait; having rejected such trappings and ornaments as interfered with the grace and simplicity of the figure. He was beautifully and extravagantly dressed; and in this he was not alone, for hundreds of others were equally elegant. In plumes, in arms, and ornaments, he is not singular; but in laurels and wreaths he stands unparalleled. His breast has been bared and scarred in defence of his country, and his brows crowned with honours that elevated him conspicuous above all of his nation. There is no man amongst the Mandans so generally loved, nor any one who wears a robe so justly famed and honourable as that of Mah-to-toh-pa."

This chief presented Mr. Catlin with a beautiful robe, containing all the battles of his life, which he had spent two weeks in copying from the original robe, which he wore on his shoulders. This chart of his military life hangs in the Gallery, and is engraved in the work before us: it represents combats, war-horses, &c. The entire series is minutely described.

The following, is perhaps, one of the most extraordinary exploits of this remarkable man's life; it is well attested, and is represented on the robe. In a skirmish, near the Mandan village, when set upon by enemies, the Riccarees, the brother of Mah-to-toh-pa was missing for several days, when the chief Mah-to-toh-pa found the body shockingly mangled, with a spear left piercing the heart. This spear

was recognized as belonging to a noted Riccaree, named Won-ga-tap; and Mah-to-toh-pa brandished it through the village, (with the blood of his brother dried on its blade,) crying most piteously, and swearing that he would some day revenge the death of his brother with the same weapon. He kept this spear in his wigwam for four years, without discovering the destroyer of his brother; when his indignant soul again burst forth in uncontrollable frenzy and fury; and brandishing it through the village, he again called loudly for revenge. "Let every Mandan," said he, "be silent, and let no one sound the name of Mah-to-toh-pa—let no one ask for him, nor where he is gone, until you hear him sound the war-cry in front of the village, when he will enter it, and show you the blood of Won-ga-tap. The blade of this lance shall drink the heart's blood of Won-ga-tap, or Mah-to-toh-pa mingles his shadow with that of his brother." With this, he sallied forth, lance in hand, towards the Riccaree village; the Mandans not daring to speak till he had disappeared. He travelled 200 miles entirely alone, with a little parched corn in his pouch, searching by night, and lying secreted by day, until he reached the Riccaree village: there he mixed with the natives till late at night: then, through the rents of the wigwam, he watched his victim, as he retired to rest with his wife; and as the embers flickered out, he walked softly into the wigwam, and seated himself by the fire, over which was hanging a large pot, with cooked meat in it; and knowing that the light in the wigwam was not sufficient to disclose his features to his enemy, he deliberately turned to the pot, and from its contents satiated the desperate appetite, which he had got in a journey of six or seven days, with little or nothing to eat; and then as deliberately, he charged and lighted his enemy's pipe, (left by the fire,) and sent, (no doubt, in every whiff that he drew through its stem,) a prayer to the Great Spirit for a moment longer for the consummation of his design. While eating and smoking, the wife of his victim several times inquired of her husband, what man it was who was eating in their lodge? to which he as often replied: "It's no matter; let him eat, for he is probably hungry." Mah-to-toh-pa knew full well that his appearance would cause no other reply than this, from the dignity of the nation; for by an invariable custom among these Northern Indians, any one who is hungry is allowed to walk into any man's lodge, and eat. As Mah-to-toh-pa took his last whiff, he stirred the embers with his toes, and by their light, seeing his way, he seized his lance, rose and darted it through the body of his enemy; then, snatching the scalp from his head, he darted from the lodge, and made for his prairie! The village was in an uproar, but no one knew the cause. Mah-to-toh-pa ran all night, and lay concealed during the day; thanking the Great Spirit for strengthening his heart and arm for this noble revenge; and praying fervently for protection till he should reach his own village. This he did, on the sixth morning, at sunrise, amidst the shouts of the people; brandishing his lance, with the blood of his victim dried upon it, over that of his brother, and the scalp of Won-ga-tap suspended from its handle!

In the portrait is seen an eagle-quill balanced horizontally on the hilt of the lance, severed from its original position, and loose from the weapon. This the chief was anxious to have so painted by Mr. Catlin; and especially a spot of blood visible upon it. "That quill," said Mah-to-toh-pa, is a great *medicine*; it belongs to the Great Spirit, and not to me—when I was running out of the lodge of Won-ga-tap, I looked back, and saw that quill hanging to the wound in his side; I ran back, and pulling it out, brought it home in my left hand, and I have kept it for the Great Spirit to this day!" "Why do you not let me

tie it on the lance again, whence it came off?" asked Mr. Catlin. "Hush," replied the chief, "if the Great Spirit had wished it to be tied on in that place, it never would have come off; he has been kind to me, and I will not offend him."

The end of this "noble gentleman" must be briefly told. When the Asiatic cholera swept over the greater part of the western country, and the Indian frontier, it destroyed the whole tribe of Mandans. Mah-to-toh-pa sat in his wigwam and watched every one of his family die about him—his wives and his little children, after he had recovered from the disease himself; then he walked out, around the village, and wept over the final destruction of his tribe; his braves and warriors, whose sinewy arms alone he could depend on for a continuance of their existence, all laid low; then he came back to his lodge, where he covered his whole family in a pile, with a number of robes, and wrapping another around himself, went out upon a hill at a little distance, where he lay several days, despite all the solicitations of the Traders, resolved to starve himself to death. He remained there till the sixth day, when he had just strength enough to creep back to the village, where he entered his own gloomy wigwam, and laying himself alongside the group of his family, drew his robe over him, and died on the ninth day of his fatal abstinence!

PET ANIMALS.

ONE often sees persons of rough natures and unfeeling hearts bestow extraordinary attention upon favourite animals. The French Revolutionists presented some extraordinary instances of this anomalous affection. Citizen Couthon, a Hercules in crime, fondled and invariably carried in his bosom, even to the Convention, a little spaniel, as a vent for the exuberant sensibilities which overflowed his affectionate heart. "This tenderness for some pet animal was, by no means, peculiar to Couthon; it seems rather a common fashion with the gentle butchers of the Revolution. M. George Duval informs us, (*Souvenirs de la Terreur*, vol. iii. p. 183,) that Chaumette had an aviary, to which he devoted his harmless leisure; the murderous Fournier carried on his shoulders, a pretty little spaniel, attached by a silver chain; Panis bestowed the simplicity of his affections upon two gold pheasants; and Marat, who would not abate one of the 300,000 heads he demanded, reared doves! Apropos of the spaniel of Couthon, Duval gives us an amusing anecdote of Serjent, not one of the least relentless agents of the massacre of September. A lady came to implore his protection for one of her relations confined in the Abbey. He scarcely deigned to speak to her. As she retired in despair, she trod by accident upon the paw of his favourite spaniel. Serjent, turning round, enraged and furious, exclaimed—"Madam, have you no humanity?"—Zanoni.

ASSASSINATION OF GUSTAVUS III.

MARCH 16, 1792.

It is now just half a century since this tragic event was perpetrated at Stockholm, under circumstances of as extraordinary a character as any in the history of Europe, during the above period. It will, doubtless, be remembered by every one familiar with the details of the monarch's last moments, that he strictly forbade, for fifty years, the opening of the chest at Upsal, in which his papers were deposited: this injunction has been strictly observed, and the chest will now forthwith be opened, when it is expected there will be disclosed some curious facts connected with the fate of this versatile monarch.

Meanwhile, as it is at all times both interesting and instructive to observe the deportment, in critical emergencies, of those who have played important parts in the transactions of the world, we subjoin the circumstances which led to the assassination, and the striking scene on the night the king was wounded; as they are related by Mr. Brown, in his *Northern Courts*.

Gustavus the Third was a memorable example of a king uniting himself with the democratic party, in order to oppose the encroachments of a powerful aristocracy, who, apprehending the loss of all their privileges by the increase of the royal prerogative, resolved upon the sovereign's death. Such, at least, is one statement of the circumstances which led to this event. In another view of the politics of the period, the catastrophe is shown to have been brought about by the pernicious effects of the French revolution. In the opening of that portentous event, the sentiments of the people of Sweden are represented to have been much at variance with those of their sovereign. "It was in vain," says Mr. Brown, "that, knowing his subjects to be a religious race, the king denounced the French to them as a nation of atheists;" the infection had spread too far, the cause of freedom had become too popular, and there cannot be a more damning proof of the dangerous nature of the doctrines which were afloat, than the statement which Mr. Brown subjoins as "the opinion of several officers of long standing and great experience in the Swedish service," that, "if the king had not been cut off by Ankarstrom, the very army he was assembling, with the view of invading France, in Normandy, and marching direct on Paris, would have hoisted the standard of revolt, and destroyed the monarch whom they once adored." The Swedish army, however, was saved, by the desperate resentment of Ankarstrom, from the eternal disgrace which would have fallen upon them, had this black act of treachery been consummated. A conspiracy was formed under the directions of Counts Horn and Ribbing, and Colonel Lilienhorn; and a nobleman, Ankarstrom, whom Gustavus had personally offended, undertook to murder him. Ankarstrom chose a masked ball, which was given at the opera-house, at Stockholm, on March 16, 1792, as the fittest opportunity for carrying his design into effect. The king was warned by some anonymous friend, but he went to the ball, and was pointed out to the assassin by Count Horn, who tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Good evening, pretty mask." Upon this, Ankarstrom shot the king through the body from behind, and mingled with the crowd of masks; and the very interesting details of the scene which ensued are thus given by Mr. Brown, from a Swedish manuscript, which he considers authentic:—

The king's surgeons having examined the wound, and the direction in which the pistol had been fired, saw at once how small was the chance of their royal patient's recovery. During this operation, which was excruciatingly painful, the king displayed that intense fortitude which few mortals ever possessed in a higher degree. As the surgeon applied his probe, the king thought his hand shook; suppressing the sense of pain, he said, with a firm voice, "Do not suffer your sorrow to affect your hand! Remember, sir, it is not possible I can survive if the balls are not extracted." The surgeon paused a moment, as if to collect all his courage, and extracted a ball and some slugs. On his way from his palace to the opera house, a few hours before, Gustavus stepped lightly down the broad flights of granite stairs to the vestibule below. He was now carried slowly back, stretched on a litter borne on the shoulders of grenadiers, whose slightest motion gave him inexpressible pain. Like the palace itself, the grand staircase is of stupendous dimensions. The massive balustrades are composed of polished marble; the broad steps of hewn granite, and the ornaments of colossal proportions, finely

drawn and executed, are in strict conformity to the vast and beautiful outline of this grand edifice. The king's unwieldy state-coach, with a triple row of guards on either side, might, apparently, have ascended. Although the portals were closed as soon as the king had entered, and none but courtiers and soldiers admitted, and even those not without selection, the whole of the colossal stairs were crowded to excess. Not a few of the ministers were clad in state dresses, and most of the courtiers and household officers still had on the fanciful robes worn at the fatal masquerade. This great diversity of splendid costume, the melancholy state of the king, stretched on the bier, lying on his side, his pale face resting on his right hand, his features expressive of pain subdued by fortitude, the varied countenances of the surrounding throng, wherein grief, consternation, and dismay, were forcibly depicted; the blaze of the numerous torches and flambeaux, borne aloft by the military; the glitter of burnished helmets, embroidered and spangled robes, mixed with the flashes of drawn sabres and fixed bayonets; the strong and condensed light thrown on the king's figure, countenance, litter, and surrounding group; the deep dark masses of shade that seemed to flitter high above, and far below the principal group, and the occasional illumination of the vast and magnificent outline of the structure, formed, on the whole, a spectacle more grand, impressive, and picturesque, than any state or theatrical procession, in the arrangement of which the tasteful Gustavus had ever been engaged. In the midst of excruciating agonies, his eyes lost not their brilliancy, and his finely expressive features displayed the triumph of fortitude over pain. Terrible and sudden as was this disaster, it did not deprive him of self-possession; he seemed more affected by the tears that trickled down the hard yet softened features of the veterans who had fought by his side, than by the wound which too probably would soon end his life. As the bearers of the royal litter ascended from flight to flight, he raised his head, evidently to obtain a better view of the grand spectacle, of which he formed the principal and central object. When he arrived at the grand gallery level with the state apartments, he made a sign with his hand that the bearers should halt, and looking wistfully around him, he said to Baron Arnfelt (who wept and sobbed aloud), "How strange it is I should rush upon my fate after the recent warnings I had received! My mind forebode evil; I went reluctantly, impelled, as it were, by an invisible hand! I am fully persuaded, when a man's hour is come, it is in vain he strives to elude it!" After a short pause he continued, "Perhaps my hour is not yet arrived. I would willingly live, but am not afraid to die. If I survive, I may yet trip down these flights of steps again, and if I die—why then, enclosed in my coffin, my next descent will be on my road to the mausoleum in the Ridderholm church."—Vol. ii. p. 108.

The king died on March 29. His murderer was discovered and executed, and many of the conspirators were banished out of the country. It has been stated, that "in the character of Ankarstrom, and in his conduct during his last moments, a striking similarity may be traced to the wretched Bellingham (who assassinated Mr. Perceval, in 1812); the same fanatical satisfaction at the perpetration of the crime, the same presumptuous confidence of pardon from the Almighty."* But this dreadful self-delusion is by no means peculiar to Sweden.

Gustavus III. has been characterised† as "a profligate though able monarch." By another writer he is described as "a prince of very distinguished talents; his original intentions were noble, but prosperity corrupted him, and it became his object to acquire despotic power. It is remarkable that this king, who, as a statesman, was so cool and self-possessed, was distinguished as a poet by his warmth of feeling and his fancy. He was the author of several highly dramatic works; and, in the Swedish academy, of which he was a member, he displayed a high

degree of eloquence in various discourses upon historical and philosophical subjects."*

The fate of Gustavus furnished, a few years since, the incidents of a very charming opera, composed by M. Auber, for the *Academie Royale de Musique*, at Paris; and subsequently performed, with extraordinary success, at our national theatres. It is worthy of remark, that this musical piece, terminating with the murder of a king, was produced for the *French*, who shudder at the death-scenes of our tragic drama. But this penchant, coupled with the aspect of the times, needs no further comment.

HOGARTH'S PAINTING OF ROSAMUND'S POND.

(To the Editor.)

By your notice of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, No. I., you do not appear to be aware that the vignette of Rosamund's Pond, St. James's Park, illustrating the editor's tale of *The Miser's Daughter*, is not the original work of Cruikshank, as you state, but a copy of a large picture by Hogarth, painted about the year 1740. I have seen the picture, which is the property of H. R. Willett, Esq. of Merly House, Dorsetshire, named at page 46 of your *Journal* as the possessor of the originals of the *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, and of the finest collection of Hogarth's works. The picture of Rosamund's Pond was engraved for Mr. Willett, a few years since, when only 100 impressions were taken, but not one of them was published. Hogarth also painted a smaller view of Rosamund's Pond, of a cabinet size, likewise in the collection of Mr. Willett, who has the receipt for 1l. 7s. (the sum charged by the painter,) in the hand-writing of Mrs. Hogarth. This liberal patron of the arts also possesses the subscription-book for several of Hogarth's plates, with the autographs of many of the subscribers, who are mostly distinguished personages. The subscriptions for the plate of Tancer and Sigismunda appear to have been returned by Hogarth, as the print was never published: a strong line is passed through the names, and opposite each is written "Returned," &c.; against one name is "Refused." This account-book is a treasure in its way, and is, therefore, kept in a case, locked.

I think it but just to the genius of Hogarth to point out to you the above circumstance, respecting the picture of Rosamund's Pond, as Mr. Cruikshank's usual autographic initials are appended to the wood-cut, and may lead many persons to suppose it to be his composition. I first saw the Engraving in that little compilation, *The Mirror*; and on comparison, I found it to be the same block as that in *Ainsworth's Magazine*: the copy is too close not to be instantly recognized by those who are familiar with the original picture.

AN ADMIRER OF HOGARTH.

Sturminster, Dorset.

EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON.

An absurd report is gaining ground among the weak-minded, that London will be destroyed by an Earthquake on the 17th of March, or St. Patrick's Day. This rumour is founded on the following ancient prophecies—one professing to be pronounced in the year 1203; the other by Dr. Dee, the astrologer, in 1598:

"In eighteen hundred and forty-two
Four things the sun shall view:
London's rich and famous town
Hungry earth shall swallow down;

* Quarterly Review, July, 1818.

† Ibid.

* Popelt, Gustav. III. von Schweden: Penny Cyclopædia.

Storm and rain in France shall be,
Till every river runs a sea;
Spain shall be rent in twain,
And famine waste the land again.
So say I, the Monk of Dree,
In the twelve hundredth year and three."

Harleian Collection, (British Museum,) 800 b, folio 319.

"The Lord have mercy on you all,
Prepare yourselves for dreadful fall
Of house and land and human soul,
The measure of your sins are full.

In the year one eight and forty-two,
Of the year that is so new;
In the third month of that sixteen,
It may be a day or two between.

Perhaps you'll soon be stiff and cold,
Dear Christian, be not stout and bold;
The mighty kingly proud will see
This comes to pass as my name's Dee."

1598, *MS. in the British Museum.*

It may, however, be interesting to glance at the details of the Shocks of Earthquake, which have actually taken place in London, and these are as follow:

Sept. 8, 1692.—London and Flanders.

Feb. 8, 1750.—London and Westminster at 12½ P.M. At Plymouth 1 P.M. Not felt at Harwich or Colchester. Person felt desk rise first under one arm, and next under other. The "air very hazy and warm at the time." Motion of ground from W. to E. In London, eight several chimneys were thrown down and walls rent. At Kingsbridge, a second shock was felt half an hour after the first. A shepherd at Kensington, heard the noise rush past him, and instantly he saw the ground, a dry and solid spot, wave under him like the face of the river; the tall trees of the avenue where he was, nodded their tops very sensibly, and quivered.—(L. R. S. Tr. v. xvi.; *Gent. Mag.* v. xxiii.)

Feb. 9, 1750.—Deptford, Greenwich, Gravesend, Paynesbridge (two shocks), betwixt Rumney and Brentford, Coopersdale, near Epping, Woodford, Walthamstone, Hertford, Highgate, Finchley (not at Barnet): weakly felt at Richmond in Surrey. Motion from E. to W. Not felt at Deal or Canterbury. Felt at Eltham, in Kent, at Chelsea (at 12½ 40' P.M.), Fulham. Seemed to terminate in west, two miles beyond Chelsea. Not at Hounslow, Brentford, or Richmond, nor farther west than Richmond.

State of Thermom. and Barom. in London.

	Thermom.	Barom.
At 2 P.M. on 6th February, . . .	48° Fahr.	29.14 inches.
7th,	48½°	29.90 "
8th,	54°	29.83 "
9th,	55½°	29.97 "
22d,	63°	

Extraordinary winter for warmth and dryness, thunder and lightning:—wind generally S. and S. W. for some months previously. The warmth on some days (especially on the 13th inst.) was greater than in the previous June.—(L. R. S. Tr. v. xvi.)

March 8, 1750, At 5½ A.M. Highgate, London, Hampstead (violent on river), Tooting, Merton, Mitcham, Streatham, Epsom, Croydon, Clapham, Wandsworth (Thames), Fulham, Farnham, Stanmore (but not five miles farther at Watford), Ilford, Norham, Gubbins (Hertfordshire), and three quarters of a mile N. E. of Hatfield; one mile W. of Hertford, but not at Hertford (north limit of shock), Holland House and on Thames. Houses near river were the most shaken. Motion from W. to E. Near London, there was a continued and confused lightning till within minute or two of shock; dogs howled; fish jumped three feet out of water; sound in air, preceded concussions; flashes of lightning and a ball of fire were seen, just before explosion. The President of the Royal Society stated, that he did not on this occasion perceive that lifting motion, which he was sensible of on 8th February. But

he felt very quick shakes or tremors, in a horizontal direction, as it appeared to him. A boatman on the Thames felt his boat receive a blow at the bottom, and the whole river seemed agitated. The Rev. Mr. Pickering stated, that he was lying awake in his bed, which stood N. and S. He first "heard a sound like that of a blast of wind—I then perceived myself raised in my bed, and the motion began on my right side, and inclined me towards the left." In the Temple Gardens, (London), the noise in the air was greater than the loudest report of cannon. At the same instant, the buildings inclined over from the perpendicular several degrees. In London, the general impression was, that the whole city was violently pushed to S.E., and then brought back again. The sound preceded the concussions, resembling the discharge of several cannon, or distant thunder in the air, and not a subterranean explosion. Flashes of lightning were observed an hour (before?) and a vast ball of fire. A great deal of thunder and lightning this winter in England, as well as frequent meteors. At Kensington, the bailiff of Mr. Fox, at 5½ 15' A.M., heard (when in the open air) a noise much like thunder at a distance, which, coming from N.W., grew louder, and gave a crack over his head, and then gradually died away. The sky was clear, and he saw no fire or appearance of lightning. Immediately after the crack, the ground shook, and it moved like a quagmire. The whole lasted a minute.—(Tr. R. S. Lond.)

Feb. 18, 1756.—About 8 A.M. a shock felt at Dover, Margate, and London. Felt also at Navarre, Versailles, Paris, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, at same hour as in England. Direction from S.E. to N.W. Many houses thrown down at Cologne, and a great chasm formed in the Eyfel. Barometer very low, thermometer very high in Switzerland, where the shock was strongest. A storm succeeded in twelve hours after. (Bertrand, 303.)

How to measure the Shock of an Earthquake.—Professor Buckland states that in certain places liable to earthquakes, their extent has been measured by *bowls of treacle*, (the inclination of the treacle in the bowl, showing the quantum of shock;) and elsewhere, (by a watchmaker in Scotland,) by placing a clock against each of the four walls of an apartment, and marking the centre of the disc of the pendulum with chalk: when the shock took place, the derangement caused the pendulum to strike against the back and front of the clock-case, and of course, a mark would be left indicative of the phenomenon, though not of its amount.—*Year-book of Facts, 1842.*

The Armourer of Paris.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. III.—*How Perinet started on the Queen's mission.*

At the lower part of the turret, behind whose projection Bourdon and Perinet had concealed themselves upon alarming the guard, was a small door which conducted to the bottom of a flight of winding steps, and thence into the interior of the château. Pushing it gently, the door yielded, and the chevalier, accompanied by the young citizen, ascended the stairs with noiseless speed; resting only a few steps on their way, at one of the narrow loopholes in the wall, to perceive that the falling masonry had, in reality, attracted the patrol towards the spot they had just quitted. As they reached the top, Bourdon gave a few hurried directions to the armourer respecting the passages he was to follow; then, wishing him good cheer, threw aside a piece of tapestry that covered the wall, and disappeared through a small panel which it concealed.

Left to himself, Perinet cautiously passed along a short corridor, in the main wall of the building; and next descending a few steps, crossed a small passage running at right angles to the corridor, and entered the chapel of Vincennes. It was a beautiful gothic edifice, which had been erected during the reign of the preceding monarch;

and Perinet felt somewhat relieved when he found himself in a part of the château with whose locality he was not altogether unacquainted. The stained glass in the windows, nearly obscured what little light there was at present; but two small lamps suspended over the altar, threw a glimmer around, and enabled him to direct his steps towards the farther extremity. As he crossed the main body of the chapel, treading as lightly as he could, lest the echoes of his footsteps should be heard by those in the vicinity, the low sound of voices fell upon his ear. They approached, and he had scarcely time to shrink into the angle that the last pillar made with the wall, when two figures crossed the aisle. One of these he immediately recognised as the chevalier Bourdon, and the other—he scarcely dared to presume that it was the queen; and yet as they approached closely to where he was in ambush, he recognised the fine expressive features and noble figure of Isabelle de Bavière. One arm of the young courtier encircled her waist, and his other hand clasped her own. Her fine dark eyes were bent towards the ground, nearly concealed by their long lashes; and her attitude was that of deep attention to his conversation, although the low tone in which he spoke, prevented anything more than a few detached words from reaching the armourer. They passed slowly onwards, and finally quitted the chapel by the chief entrance.

Wonder and amazement for a few minutes drove every other thought from Perinet's mind. But as the increasing daylight stole gradually over the grey columns and chequered pavement of the chapel, he again turned his attention to his appointment, and a fresh anxiety arose, as he recollected that the matins would commence ere long, and he must inevitably be discovered. But where was he to seek refuge? Marie had not kept her word, and he could not return by the way he had arrived, for that would expose him to certain detection. He called to mind that Bourdon and the queen had come from the extreme end of the chapel, and that he might find means of egress in that direction. Crossing over towards the altar, he discovered at its side a small secret door which was half opened. He passed through it, and closing it after him, found himself alone in the queen's oratory.

It was a small chamber situated at the extremity of the chapel, and having only two doors, one of which communicated with Isabelle's own suite of apartments, and thence with the rooms of the château; the other being the panel by which he had entered. A window guarded with gilt iron bars, afforded a view of the ramparts and distant country below on the Paris side; and Perinet imagined it must have been the light from this point, which he had seen before he crossed the fosse. A valuable *priedieu*, and other religious articles, were ranged against the walls, and the furniture was of costly and luxurious fashion.

As Perinet regarded these objects with curious admiration, he was startled by the bell of the chapel sounding for early mass. In a few minutes after, the secret door opened, and the queen hurriedly entered. She cast a rapid glance behind her as she closed the panel, and without seeing the armourer, went directly to the window and gazed from it, with earnest attention, upon the courts below. It was a trying moment of suspense for Perinet. Aware that all escape was cut off, he resolved to make himself known, and trust to the queen's mercy for protection. Advancing towards the window, he threw himself at her feet, exclaiming: "Pardon, pardon, my gracious lady, that I am here!"

The queen shrieked as she perceived the armourer kneeling before her, and ran towards the panel, as if to leave the oratory. In a moment, however, she returned, ejaculating, in almost breathless accents: "A man in my

oratory!—how came you hither? Answer, I command you."

"Chance has directed me, madame," returned Perinet, rising; "a hazard which I curse, since it has drawn your anger upon me."

"It was *chance*, I presume, led you to Vincennes?" said the queen, with a bitter sneer.

"I came, madame," replied Perinet, "to seek my affianced bride, and awaited but the opening of the gates to bear her away."

"Her name," demanded Isabelle, sternly.

"Marie," faltered Perinet.

"It is false!" exclaimed Isabelle; "Marie would not quit me."

"I call our Lady to witness that I speak the truth, madame," was the reply.

"I can soon know, monsieur," said the queen, proceeding to the door of her apartment. "Marie!—I require your services."

At the summons, a fair girl of eighteen, in the costume of the queen's female attendants, entered the oratory from Isabelle's chamber. No sooner did she perceive the armourer, than uttering a cry of astonishment, she rushed towards him, and threw herself into his arms.

"You know that man then?" asked the queen. "Answer—his life depends on your word."

"Oh! madame," replied Marie, turning to the queen, "it is my betrothed—it is Perinet Leclerc, with whom I was about to fly from Vincennes this night. I could not meet him, for you ordered me to remain up all night in my chamber, saying that you might need my services. Pardon him, my queen, I implore you," she continued, falling on her knees, "or let me bear your anger."

"You wish to leave me, Marie?" said Isabelle. "What have I done to cause this?"

"It has been your kindness, madame, that prompted the action," replied Marie.

"How so, girl?"

"Because, madame," continued her fair attendant, "you know not why the constable has placed me here—you know not the mean office I was destined to fill after he took me from my home. A spy upon all your actions, I was expected to convey to him every sentiment that escaped your lips; but I swear to you, madame, he has drawn nothing from me. Watched by his people, it is two months that I have thus lived about you; and fearful of avowing the truth lest I should lose your confidence. You now know why I was anxious to leave you—at the risk of incurring your displeasure; but, at least, with the certainty of not having deserved it."

"Rise, *enfant*," said the queen, assisting her; "rise. You might have betrayed me—you did not, and I thank you. Now, Marie, I implore you to remain, as a service to myself; for another may succeed you, who will not have your candour."

The poor girl looked with uncertainty towards Perinet, and returned no answer.

"You are fearful of quitting your sweetheart, Marie?" said the queen. "Well, I will take charge of him also. Perinet, will you consent to be squire to the chevalier du Bois-Bourdon, as soon as he shall have the command of Vincennes? Will you be faithful to me also if I procure you this place?"

"Even to death, madame," responded the armourer, fervently, as he raised a small iron cross to his lips.

"Tis well," returned the queen. "You may look upon this favour as already granted. Marie!—retire, child, an instant: I would confer with your betrothed."

Her attendant withdrew to the window, and the queen proceeded in a low tone: "Perinet, remember—you have

seen and heard *nothing* in the castle this morning; I keep by me a hostage of your fidelity. You now owe every thing to me, and from this day you are in my service, body and soul."

"May Heaven punish me, if I forget my duties," returned the armorer.

"Madame!" cried Marie, from the recess of the window, "here are the king's guards in the court disarming our people. They arrest the Sieurs de Graville and de Giac!"

"What mean you, child?" exclaimed Isabelle, hurrying to the window.

"Look, madame," continued Marie; "Monsieur Dupuy, the evil spirit of the constable, crosses the court towards us—he ascends the staircase!"

"What can this mean?" muttered the queen, her countenance becoming deadly pale. "Perinet," she continued, "I demanded of you this instant a devotion to me without bounds, and already I am about to put it to the test."

"You may dispose of my life, madame, if it pleases you," returned the armorer. "It is yours—I have said it."

"Enter this closet," said the queen, leading him to the door. "If they see you here, you are lost; and you can yet serve me. Quick! quick! they are at hand!"

The armorer had scarcely concealed himself, when Dupuy entered the oratory from the state-apartments. He left the guards that accompanied him at the entrance of the chamber; and, advancing towards Isabelle, exclaimed:

"Madame the queen, I arrest you by the king's command!"

"Me!" ejaculated Isabelle; "it is impossible, or Charles has, indeed, lost all reason."

"And yet, madame," returned the other, "ten years ago, when the Duc d'Orleans dwelt here with you—"

"You have to arrest me," interrupted the queen hastily, "and your duty ends there. Moreover, monsieur, remember it is the custom to uncover your head before the queen."

"The Chevalier de Bourdon omitted to do so before the king," replied Dupuy, coldly removing his hat.

"When did this occur?" asked Isabelle.

"This morning, madame, at the gates of the château."

"The king is here, then!"

"He has left for Paris."

"And—and Bourdon?" hesitated the queen.

"He is gone under good escort to the châtelet," replied Dupuy.

"But they dare not touch him for an offence like that," said Isabelle, hurriedly.

"I should not be here, madame, if he had only committed this one crime," said Dupuy, calmly.

"Enough, sir," cried the queen. "Whither are you ordered to conduct me?"

"To the château at Tours, madame. The order of the king runs that you depart immediately, with one of your women."

"You may leave the room, monsieur," returned Isabelle. "I shall be ready to follow you in a few minutes."

"Remember, madame, that you must depart without delay," said Dupuy.

"Remember, sir, that I am your queen, and that I have ordered you to quit this oratory," retorted Isabelle, gazing at him with flushed cheek and angry eye.

Dupuy slowly withdrew, murmuring a few unintelligible words as he departed. No sooner had he left the chamber, than Marie closed the door, and then quickly proceeded to liberate Perinet from the closet. The queen could disguise her emotions no longer, but sinking down on a

fauteuil, covered her face with her handkerchief, and burst into tears.

"You are a prisoner, then, madame?" asked Perinet, after a few minutes' agitating pause.

"Oh, it is not myself I care for," returned Isabelle. "It is the Chevalier Bourdon that we must preserve."

"Can we save him, madame?" said Perinet. "I have many devoted friends who would risk their lives for me, as twenty times I have risked mine for them. We will attack the Châtelet."

"And think you to save him by those means!" exclaimed the queen. "After you have shattered twelve doors of iron, and, arrived at his dungeon, find nothing but a senseless corpse, you will have saved him! It would but hasten his death. Perinet, on your life, do not attempt that plan."

"Can you recommend aught else?" asked the armorer.

"I have gold," returned Isabelle. "I am rich—I am the queen. Go to his prison, and say to those who guard it, 'Kill him not; here is gold—gold enough to render you all wealthy—to purchase a kingdom if you wished it, but kill him not. And if this is not sufficient, she has, besides plate and jewels—the very pearls of her crown!—Take all; she will give you all; she will even owe you still,—but kill him not.' Alas!" she continued, wringing her hands, "if I could see those dreadful men for one instant, I could obtain all I want."

"I will obey you, madame," returned Perinet, touched at her keen distress.

"Oh, I am mad," cried the queen rapidly, "mad to think that I could buy his life. No—they would not take my blood in exchange for Bourdon's. Fool that I have been, when on the approach of the king's delirium I might have demanded any thing from him; even the head of D'Armagnac! What can be done?"

"My dear mistress!" exclaimed Marie, weeping. "Take comfort, we implore you. Even I must be separated from Perinet."

"His absence will not be for ever, Marie," replied the queen. "You will see him again. But for me!—I loved Bourdon as you love Perinet, and they are about to kill him! Do you hear, Marie?—to *kill* him, without my being able to do aught to save his life! Even now he may be struggling beneath the horrors of the torture, and I am not there to breathe a word of hope or courage in his ear! I am not there to kiss his pale lips, or wipe the clammy dews of agony from his noble forehead!"

"It is, indeed, most terrible!" ejaculated Marie.

"And never to know his fate!" continued the queen, in the same tone. "Never!—It is a word that falls sad and chill upon the heart of one that loves. But you are free, Perinet. You have heard they have taken him to the Grand Châtelet, and there must be your station also. You must not quit it for an instant; and if he leaves it, dead or alive, you must come and tell me;—do you hear?"

"You may depend on me, madame," replied the armorer.

"They have closed the gates of the château," said the queen, rising and going to the window. "You can escape by this gallery; it opens on the fosse, where you can descend; and when you are out of all danger, on the road to Paris, wave your scarf. I shall not depart from this window until I see it."

"Have you any other commands, madame?" asked Perinet.

"None—yet, stay," returned the queen; "whatever may happen, you must let me know. If you cannot come near me, you must send me your cross, if he is alive; and your poignard, if he is dead. Now go; and our Lady bless you!"

The armourer pressed his betrothed to his heart; and then, with a respectful salutation to the queen, quitted the apartment.

"All my hope is in his adventure, Marie," said Isabelle, as her messenger departed. "It is the sole chance they have left me. *O mon Dieu!* save and avenge me."

She knelt for a few seconds before the crucifix, and then rose to take her station at the window.

"How slow he is in passing along the gallery!" she exclaimed. "What can have occurred to stop him? Ah! he is on the rampart, and approaches the fosse."

"Are there any sentinels on the turrets, madame?" asked Marie.

"One only;—he orders him to stop!"

"And what does Perinet?"

"He pursues his journey. Ha! the man at-arms threatens to shoot him! He raises his arbalest; he discharges it!"

Marie uttered a faint cry as the audible jar of the cross-bow reached the oratory.

"It is nothing, girl," cried the queen; "he has not even turned his head. He is a brave young man, and God will protect him. He descends the rampart. I cannot see him more."

Whilst she was yet speaking, Dupuy and his guards re-entered the oratory. Fortunately, however, they had heard nothing of the conversation, and were unacquainted with the cause of the queen's anxiety.

"It is time to depart, madame," said he, with stern emphasis.

"No, no, not yet," hurriedly replied the queen. "I cannot leave yet; nay, I will not."

"By will or by force, madame, you must come," returned the officer.

"By force!" exclaimed Isabelle, as she twisted her white arm amongst the iron bars of the window. "Let me now see who will dare to lay a finger upon me!"

"You are no longer queen; you are my prisoner!" said Dupuy.

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Isabelle to Marie, "he appears not yet!"

"For the last time, madame, will you accompany me?" asked the commandant.

"Saved! saved!" cried the queen, unable to suppress her joy, as she descried Perinet's scarf fluttering in the park. "He has escaped, Marie!"

"In the name of the king seize that female!" cried Dupuy to the guards.

Two or three of the men-at-arms advanced towards the casement. The queen left it; and waving them back with her hand, exclaimed, as she drew up her fine figure to its full height:

"Arrière tous! my place is at your head, messieurs."

The guards, and even Dupuy himself, fell back on each side with respect, as Isabelle and Marie passed through their ranks, and quitted the apartment. ALBERT.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

LIGHT UNDER WATER.

At the depth of seven hundred and twenty-three feet through sea-water, according to Bouguer, light ceases to be transmitted; and, probably, at three times that depth, there is perpetual darkness.

Only one hundred-thousandth part of the vertical rays of the sun can penetrate below forty-seven fathoms: the depths of the ocean are, consequently, involved in darkness.

ELECTRICITY INSTANTANEOUS.

Electricity is not expended by shocks, and its effects take place in no sensible time. A discharge through a circle of four miles was found to be quite instantaneous.

LONDON AND COUNTRY AIR.

Mr. Cavendish ascertained that there is no sensible difference in the constituent parts of the atmosphere, under circumstances the most dissimilar. The air of London, with its half million of blazing fires, equals in purity the freshest breezes of the country.

THE EARTH ITSELF.

Physical Geography makes us feel the limits of our powers. We have ascertained the dimensions of the sun; we know the laws of gravity upon the surface of Jupiter; we have measured the elevation of the mountains of the moon: even the erratic comets seem to submit to the calculations of our astronomers. But the interior of that very earth upon which we walk, baffles our researches. We have never penetrated one two-thousandth part of the diameter of the globe. Nay, even the very surface of the earth is not known to us throughout its whole extent.

ISLANDS AND CONTINENTS.

An island differs from a continent only in its dimensions; and, in fact, we give the name of continent to certain portions of land, only because we have for a long time remained ignorant whether a ship could sail round them, and because some physical circumstances may have hitherto prevented such a voyage.—*Maltebrun.*

SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

Considering the surface of the globe under one general point of view, it consists of one vast ocean, in which a great number of islands are placed, whose size varies from that of the most colossal to the most minute. Two of these islands are termed continents: the old continent of Asia, Europe, and Africa; while the whole of the *new continent* is comprised under the name of America, though nature has divided it into two distinct peninsulas, one of which ought, in strict historical justice, to be called Colombia. In the midst of the most extensive mass of waters is placed New Holland, which many geographers call a third continent; although, it is perhaps more correct to consider it as by far the largest island in existence.—*Maltebrun.*

THE OCEAN AND THE SEA.

There is upon our globe, properly speaking, only one sea, one continuous fluid spread round the land, and which probably extends from one pole to the other, covering nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface. All the gulfs, all the inland seas, form only portions detached, but not entirely separated from that universal sea, which we call the *ocean*. It is only for the sake of greater convenience that we distinguish different parts of that ocean under the name of seas.

PETRIFYING SPRINGS.

The incrustations which are formed by water, loaded with carbonate of lime, by passing through limestone districts, have led to the supposition that there are some petrifying springs. These incrustations preserve exactly the figure of the vegetables that have been covered with them, the substance of which has been destroyed. It is in the same manner that the *tufas* are formed, or calcareous sediments in canals, and the beds of rivers and lakes, the waters of which are charged with this substance. Derbyshire furnishes instructive and interesting illustrations, as in the well at Matlock. A less familiar example is recorded by Mr. Scrope, in his *Memoir of the Geology of Central France*. At the northern base of the hill upon which Clermont is built, rises a spring, the water of which is impregnated, by means of its carbonic acid, with so large a portion of carbonate of lime, (which it deposits on issuing into the air,) that its incrustations have formed an elevated natural aqueduct, two hundred and forty feet in length, and terminating in an arch thrown across the stream it originally flowed into, sixteen feet high, and twelve wide. Near it are the rudiments of a similar arch, the construction of which is still going on. The spring is turned to a source of profit by the proprietor, who breaks the fall of the water in such a manner, that its stony particles may be deposited on various natural objects exposed to its spray. At the time of Mr. Scrope's visit, the stuffed skins of a horse and a cow were undergoing this petrifying process, together with varieties of birds, fruits, flowers, &c.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

ZANONI. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NIGHT AND MORNING,' ETC.

"How wags your world?" was the eccentric question of a microcosm of a man to a ferret-eyed publisher, a few mornings ago; the interrogator himself replying: "I see Bulwer has braved the political storm, and risked his Neapolitan bark to the troubled sea of public criticism." "Yes, Sir, it's out," was the reply of the bibliopole of few words, and fewer ideas. And then, the universal inquisitor wandered to the Corn Laws, which, being a tender question, we leave to the dozen Parliamentary columns of a double *Times*.

Were we ourselves addressed as to the what-about of *Zanoni*, we should reply, with the introduction: "it is a romance, and it is not a romance. It is a truth for those who can comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who cannot." It is, in short, or rather, to be brief, a Rosicrucian story. Probably, however, some readers will be little wiser by this information: still, "who but a Rosicrucian could explain the Rosicrucian mysteries!" The incidents of the romance are brought about by these mystical influences,—the ordeal of which is "the reduction of Being as far as possible into Mind. The senses must be mortified and subdued—not the whisper of one passion heard:" "the disciple may be master of the Cabala and the Chemistry; but he must be master also over the Flesh and the Blood—over Love and Vanity, Ambition and Hate." In the Introduction, the romance is stated to be "the bequest of an old gentleman, who was familiar with the tenets of the Rosicrucians, some of whom, he asserted, still existed, and prosecuted with august secrecy, their profound researches into natural science and occult philosophy." The putative author is, of course, a mere framework, the actual author assuming the editorship of the MS.; but that Rosicrucians exist in our day, is not less certain than that alchemists live and have their being. We have heard of an alchemist, a gentleman of Essex, who has expended vast sums in alchemical pursuits; Sir Walter Scott mentions another adept;* and Sir Richard Phillips visited another at the village of Lilley, between Luton and Hitchin, in the year 1828. With these evidences before us, there is nothing very outrageous to probability in a Rosicrucian at the close of the last century; and his mystical tenets aid the machinery of romance—more especially those vivid illustrations of the Real and

the Ideal, which delight Sir E. Bulwer and his readers—in a powerful degree.

Our story commences at Naples, in the latter half of the last century; and the heroine is Viola, the daughter of "a musician of great genius, but not of popular reputation," his caprices and fantasias not being so liberally remunerated as those of Paganini. Viola, patronised by a Cardinal-Virtuoso, captivates all Naples, on the stage of San Carlo; and among them, the rich Zanoni, who has just returned from a residence of many years in India. The good old father lives to witness his daughter's success on the stage, and see her launched into the story; and then, as most fathers in romance do, he dies out of the way, to make room for the heroine and hero. We quote a portion of their first interview:—"Viola was seated without the door of the house, under an awning which sheltered from the sun, without obstructing the view; the vine-leaves clustering from their arching trellis over the door behind, and the lazy white-sailed boats skimming along the sea that stretched before. As thus she sat, rather in reverie than thought, a man coming from the direction of Posilipo, with a slow step and downcast eyes, passed closely by the house; and Viola looking up abruptly, started into a kind of terror as she recognized the stranger. She uttered an involuntary exclamation, and the cavalier turning, saw, and paused. He stood a moment or two between her and the sunlit ocean, contemplating in a silence too serious and gentle for the boldness of gallantry, the blushing face and the young slight form before him. * * * A deep and melancholy shade settled over the face of the cavalier. He looked up at the quiet house buried amidst the vine leaves, and turned again to the vivid, animated face of the young actress." (The love is told: at parting, the cavalier said:) "And, perhaps, before we meet, you may have suffered;—known the first griefs of human life;—known how little what fame can gain, repays what the heart can love; but be brave and yield not—not even to what may seem the pitey of sorrow. Observe yon tree in your neighbour's garden. Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ, from which it sprung, in the clefts of the rock; choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and man, its life has been one struggle for the light;—light which makes to that life the necessity and the principle: you see how it was withered and twisted—how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has laboured, and worked, stem and branches, towards the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavour of birth and circumstances—why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine? My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle—because the labour to the light won to the light at length. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident, of sorrow, and of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven; this it is that gives knowledge to the strong, and happiness to the weak. Ere we meet again, you will turn sad and heavy eyes to those quiet boughs, and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from crag and housetop to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that Nature teaches you, and strike through darkness to the light!" Then, "as moonlight that softens into beauty every angle on which it falls, seemed his presence,—as moonlight vanishes, and things assume their common aspect of the rugged and the mean—he receded from her eyes,—and the outward scene was commonplace once more."

The action then changes to Paris, the hotbed of revolution, with portraits of Condorcet, Malesherbes, Cazotte, and others; with a very striking episode of an old man

* The last true believer in alchemy, was, according to Mr. Brande, Peter Woulfe, who occupied chambers in Barnard's Inn, while residing in London, and usually spent the summer in Paris: he died in 1805. About the year 1801, "another solitary adept lived, or rather starved, in London, in the person of the editor of an evening journal, who expected to compound the alkahest if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp-furnace for the space of seven years. The lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out, the adept never could guess; but he was certain, that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septenary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded."—*Paper on Astrology and Alchemy*, by Sir Walter Scott; *Quarterly Review*, 1821. By the way, in the introduction to *Zanoni*, is a very clever sketch of the author's old friend, Mr. D—, in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who is said to have possessed "the most notable collection ever amassed by an enthusiast, of the works of Alchemist, Cabalist, and Astrologer." The "vindictive glare," "unensy vigilance," and the frowning and groaning of the anti-bookseller, (for it absolutely went to his heart when a customer entered his shop), are all very characteristic. Many a time have we seen him gloating over his musty unsaleable treasures, in the purchase of which we hear this eccentric being expended a fortune.

saved from being murdered by a boy, for whom he had hoarded his money; he having thus nearly fallen a victim to the revolutionary doctrines he had espoused. Two Englishmen, Glyndon and Mervale, are then introduced—the former proving eventually the antagonist to Zanonì in his love for Viola, but continually held in thralldom by the mystical arts of the Neapolitan, to whom are attributed “certain qualities which every body desires for himself, but damns every one else for possessing.” This is instanced in a brief sketch of Zanonì influencing the luck at a public gaming-table: a duel ensues between one Cetoxa and a Sicilian, whom the Neapolitan disarms with a look: “he fixed his eye,” says the narrator, “steadfastly on the Sicilian; never shall I forget that look! it is impossible to describe it, it froze the blood in my veins. The Sicilian staggered back as if struck. I saw him tremble; he sank on the bench.” Zanonì predicts the Sicilian will fall, and prompts Cetoxa to ask him when he is on the ground, “whether he will be buried by the side of his father, in the church of San Gennaro?” The Sicilian is run through the body, and on the above question being put to him, he uttered a piercing shriek—the blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell dead. “The most strange part of the story is to come. We buried him in the church of San Gennaro. In doing so, we took up his father’s coffin; the lid came off in moving it, and the skeleton was visible. In the hollow of the skull, we found a very slender wire of sharp steel: this caused surprise and inquiry. The father, who was rich, and a miser, had died suddenly, and been buried in haste, owing, it was said, to the heat of the weather. Suspicion once awakened, the examination became minute. The old man’s servant was questioned, and at last confessed that the son had murdered the sire: the contrivance was ingenious; the wire was so slender, that it pierced to the brain, and drew but one drop of blood, which the grey hairs concealed. The accomplice will be executed.” “And Zanonì—did he give evidence? did he account for—” “No, he declared that he by accident visited the church that morning; that he had observed the tombstone of the Count Ughelli, (the murdered man); that his guide had told him the Count’s son was in Naples—a spendthrift and a gambler. While we were at play, he had heard the Count mentioned by name at the table; and when the challenge was given and accepted, it had occurred to him to name the place of burial, by an instinct which he either could or would not account for.”

This is a fair specimen of the *méchanceté* of the story, and means by which its puppets, or actors, are moved. Glyndon easily falls into its meshes, notwithstanding the persuasion of his impenetrable matter-of-fact friend, Mervale, who regards the whole as “the hackneyed charlatanism of the Marvellous;” but Glyndon’s credulity is somewhat explained by one of his ancestors having been a philosopher and alchemist of repute. The plot is too intricate to unravel here, but, as the work abounds with brilliant bits, and highly wrought poetical gems, we shall have no difficulty in stringing together a few specimens, over and above several selected for another occasion. Zanonì, although a putative Rosicrucian, has nothing in his palace to indicate the follower of the occult sciences, save the following:

“Whether at Rome, or at Naples, or in fact, wherever his abode, he selected one room from the rest of the house, which was fastened by a lock, scarcely larger than the seal of a ring, yet which sufficed to baffle the most cunning instrument of the locksmith—at least, one of his servants, prompted by irresistible curiosity, had made the attempt in vain; and, though he fancied it was tried in the most favourable time for secrecy—not a soul near—in

the dead of the night—Zanonì himself absent from home, yet his superstition, or his conscience, told him the reason why the next day the Major Domo quietly dismissed him. He compensated himself for this misfortune by spreading his own story, with a thousand exaggerations. He declared that as he approached the door, invisible hands seemed to pluck him away; and that when he touched the lock, he was struck as by palsy, to the ground. One surgeon, who heard the tale, observed, to the distaste of the wonder-mongers, that possibly Zanonì made a dexterous use of electricity. Howbeit, this room, once so secured, was never entered, save by Zanonì himself.”

Nicot, a French artist, somewhat of the reckless cast of Caesarini, in *Ernest Maltravers*, introduces the poisonous doctrines of the dawning Revolution, to the two Englishmen, and acts as a spy upon Viola, whom he attempts to entrap, but in vain; but the maiden is captured by the masked minions of the Prince di—. A drunken broil at the prince’s palace, at which Zanonì and Glyndon are present, and his highness is killed, whilst Viola is captive beneath the same roof, is an effective piece of narrative; as is also Glyndon’s meeting the Neapolitan banditti. Here is a very spirited sketch:—

“From one of the dismal cabins emerged a form superior to the rest. Instead of the patched and ragged overall, which made the only garment of the men he had hitherto seen, the dress of this person was characterized by all the trappings of the national bravery. Upon his raven hair, the glossy curls of which made a notable contrast to the matted and elfin locks of the savages around, was placed a cloth cap, with a gold tassel, that hung down to his shoulders; his mustaches were trimmed with care, and a silk handkerchief of gay hue was twisted round a well-shaped but sinewy throat; a short jacket of rough cloth was decorated with several rows of gilt flagee buttons; his nether garments fitted tight to his limbs, and were curiously braided; while in a broad parti-coloured sash were placed two silver-hilted pistols, and the sheathed knife, usually worn by Italians of the lower order, mounted in ivory elaborately carved. A small carbine of handsome workmanship was slung across his shoulder, and completed his costume. The man himself was of middle size, athletic yet slender, with straight and regular features, sunburnt, but not swarthy; and an expression of countenance which, though reckless and bold, had in it frankness rather than ferocity, and, if defying, was not altogether unprepossessing.”

Glyndon journeys to a baronial fortress in the mountains—the abode of the mystic Mejnour, leagued with Zanonì; and here the subtlety of the seer soon overpowers the credulous Englishman. Their conferences are brilliantly written, as in the following defence of the alchemist’s transmutation of metals:—

“Nature herself is a laboratory in which metals, and all elements, are for ever at change. Easy to make gold,—easier, more commodious, and cheaper still, to make the pearl, the diamond, and the ruby. Oh, yes; wise men found sorcery in this too; but they found no sorcery in the discovery, that by the simplest combination of things of every-day use, they could raise a devil that would sweep away thousands of their kind by the breath of consuming fire. Discover what will destroy life, and you are a great man!—what will prolong it, and you are an impostor! Discover some invention in machinery that will make the rich more rich, and the poor more poor, and they will build you a statue! Discover some mystery in art that would equalize physical disparities, and they will pull down their own houses to stone you!”

The pupil is left by Mejnour in the castle, with an injunction not to penetrate the mystic chamber; he dis-

obeys, and what he there witnesses, glitters in the page; as, when he takes a stopper from a crystal vase, and a delicious odour suddenly diffuses itself through the room; the air sparkles as if with diamond dust; a sense of unearthly delight—of an existence that seems all spirit—flashes through his whole frame, and a faint, low, but exquisite music creeps thrilling through the chamber. His visit works wonders; for, "glancing at an old Venetian mirror, his form, before bent with thought, seemed to him taller by half the head; so lithesome and erect his slender stature, his eyes glowed, his cheeks bloomed with health and the innate and pervading pleasure. If the mere fragrance of the elixir was thus potent, well might the alchemists have ascribed life and youth to the draught!" The pupil's second visit to the mystic chamber is still more powerfully told.

Meanwhile, Zanoni is wedded to Viola; and we find, in a letter written by him many months after, the following impassioned burst:—

"Ah! if they for whom exist all the occupations and resources of human life—if they can thrill, with exquisite emotion, at the thought of hailing again their own childhood in the faces of their children—if, in that birth, they are born once more into the holy innocence which is the first state of existence—if they can feel that on man devolves almost an angel's duty, when he has a life to guide from the cradle, and a soul to nurture for the heavens—what to me must be the raptures to welcome an inheritor of all the gifts which double themselves in being shared! How sweet the power to watch, and to guard—to instil the knowledge, to avert the evil, and to guide back the river of life in a richer, and broader, and deeper stream, to the paradise from which it flows. And beside that river our souls shall meet, sweet mother. Our child shall supply the sympathy that fails as yet; and what shape shall haunt thee, what terror shall dismay, when thy initiation is beside the cradle of thy child!"

The reader will meet but little of that domestic portraiture and familiar life, which we have ever been accustomed to admire in Sir E. Bulwer's novels. On the other hand, *Zanoni* is an attempted *sublimation* (to borrow from the book of alchemy), of human character, its motives and impulses, drawn with a charmed pen, and here and there with a diamond; though the contrast will be better seen by the two last chapters of the second volume in juxtaposition with the rest of the work. These pages picture to the life a matter-of-fact home—Mervale married, and *settled*, (how ominous that term!) and the recreant Glyndon just returned from the inanities of the continent: "A worthier woman, or one more respected (than Mrs. Mervale) was not to be found, except in an epitaph!" The meeting of the two friends, the revival of Mervale's bachelor habits with Glyndon, over sundry bowls of punch, and the repeated hints of the wife as to the lateness of the hour, &c.—all make up a capital picture of real life, without a shade of the tinsel or gossamer of romance. The third volume is almost exclusively occupied with scenes from the French revolution, which, indeed, lead to the *dénouement* of the story. The prime movers in that carnival of terror are fiercely painted: the portrait of Robespierre, for example, is terrific reality. We had almost forgotten the confessions of a bandit, a very piquant episode of the second volume. But the work abounds in striking beauties—in strange, original, bold, and startling views of mankind, and of the points upon which their destinies hang—and as such, *Zanoni* will be appreciated.

Greek Pastry, made with honey, oil, and flour, is strictly a national delicacy; for it is indigestible to any stomach but that of a Greek.

Varieties.

The Foreign Secretary.—Lord Aberdeen is a man of clear, calm, and well-informed intellect. Habitually acquainted with foreign politics; at an early period of his life remarkable for his scholarship, completing it by classical research throughout Europe; and consummating his education for public life, by long personal intercourse with the most distinguished names in the most distinguished era of modern history; he probably possesses as large a political experience as any living statesman.

Riches of the Mind.—No matter how poor I am, (says Dr. Channing,) no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will come in and take up their abode with me; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called "the best society" of the place where I reside.

Equality.—Whither do the advocates of universal equality point for illustrations of their doctrine? Not to savage life—certainly not to Western Australia, where the people reject in practice all idea of the equality of persons or classes; for there is no race that imposes more irksome restraints upon certain classes of the community.

Rice Flowers.—Miss Jack was celebrated for the beauty and accuracy of her artificial flowers, which she made from rice paper. For a bouquet which this lady presented to the late Princess Charlotte, she received the regal present of 70*l*.

Tea in Scotland appears to have been known a century later than in England. Sir Walter Scott used to relate, that people were living who recollected how the Lady Pumphraston, to whom a pound of fine green tea had been sent as a rare and valuable present, boiled the same, and served it up with melted butter, as condiment to a salted rump of beef; and complained that no cooking she could contrive "would make these foreign greens tender."

Country Houses.—We have often remarked that most of our leading nobility, who possess large mansions, also hold "lodges," or smaller residences; and, in former times, these minor dwellings appear to have been used as "secret houses." In the *Northumberland Household Book*, it is stated that, "at certain times of the year, the nobility retired from their principal mansions to some little adjoining lodge; where they lived private, no longer kept open house, but put their servants to board-wages, dismissed part of them to go to their friends, and only retained a few of the most necessary about their person."

Angels.—There is no reason for fancying Angels more of one sex than of the other, since amongst them there is no such distinction; but they may as well be imagined female as male.—*Adam Littleton*.

"Pancakes, Sir!" used General Ford to say, "I could eat my way through an acre of good pancakes."—*Epicure's Almanac*.

Tom Cringle's Log.—Though a thorough sailor every inch of him, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," yet Tom is no ordinary scholar, and his quotations, both from the Spanish and the German, are generally correct and always apposite; and are not of that species of *Lingua Franca*—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—neither English, nor French, nor Dutch—which one meets in the sloppy anonymous novels which scheming booksellers would have us believe are written by persons of quality, because no decent man or woman will put his or her name to them.—*Times*.

Asthma.—Residence in towns is especially prejudicial to persons afflicted with Asthma. Of 1,000,000, there appear to have died in 1839, 182 in the country, and 645 in towns.

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